The Eagle

THE GOOD TIME'S COMING

Grandma Goff said a curious thing—
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way.
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
Now, I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

First you do that when you do this—
Just like you were fixing up for a kiss.
It's a very poor girl, that's all I say,
Who can't make out to do that way.

"Boys may whistle," but girls may not;
A whistle's a song with the noise knocked out,
Strayed off somewhere down the throat,
Everything lost but the changeful note.

So if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls, will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I.
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing—ular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache,
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

—Will Allen Dromgoole.

A Grand Ball at Rothschild's.

A ball given by the Baron and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild in their palatial dwelling on the Rue St. Florentin might justly have been called a dream of fair women. The ball room was a perfect picture, hung with vieux bleau silk damask, lighted by electric light, reflecting on the art gems of Greuze, Watteau and other great masters that adorn the walls, corbeilles and orchids and roses placed in every available corner, and spreading their fragrance on the already perfumed air. A collection of pretty bibelots were distributed in the cotillion, a novel figure being that of a large golden boa constrictor coiled around the trunk of a tree. In the hollow at the top hundreds of chenille snakes of all colors were found and presented by the gentlemen to the ladies, thus reversing the biblical tradition. Dainty silk aprons, embroidered with silver and gold, golden Spanish combs, artistic book covers, satin jockey caps, whips and a thousand and one things found their way into the cunning reed baskets, gayly decorated with ribbons, that each lady guest carried away with pride and triumph after the dance.—Galignani's Messenger.

A Chinese Religious Sect.

Playing such an important part as they do in their country, and in the life of such a superstition ridden mortal as John Chinaman, the duck itself has not escaped superstition. There are in China quite a numerous sect who religiously abstain from eating duck, and regard their duck devouring neighbors as wanting in reverence. They are the followers and worshipers of a god named Hon-Yuen-Shuee, whose mother was cured of some dread malady by a mysterious duck, which brought her herbs in its bill every day until she recovered health. Out of gratitude for this the woman brought up her son under strict injunctions never to eat duck. He became the patron of ducks, and one day when pursued by robbers a big flock of ducks appeared between him and his pursuers and hid him from view. At his death he was canonized, and before his shrine his followers nowadays dedicate their children to his principles, and train them up to regard ducks as sacred birds.—Thomas Steveps' Letter.

Persian Carpet Weavers' Secret.

A native of Finland named Runen was sent about two years ago to the east, at the expense of the government, with the object of endeavoring to discover the art of Persian carpet weaving, the secret of which is strictly guarded by those engaged in the trade. He made the journey disguised as a simple workman, but it was only after long and fruitless efforts to obtain admission into a Turkish carpet manufactory that he succeeded at a small place near Smyrna in acquainting himself with the process and making a design of a loom. A Persian carpet manufactory has now been established in Finland, and important results are anticipated from the new branch of industry thus introduced.—London Globe.

Value of Sympathetic Personality.

There are some sympathetic doctors in Philadelphia who are practically supported by a few wealthy women, who, if there is anything the matter with them, have been no better or worse for years. They console themselves with the fancy that none but these doctors could have kept them alive at all, and that to them they owe the continuance of their existence. With many doctors, especially if they are young and unmarried, their sympathetic personality is their principal stock in trade.—Philadelphia Times.

Senator Sherman's Suggestion.

How to become an orator is too broad a question for a newspaper article. The best reference I can make is to Cicero's Book of Orations. I know of no way to acquire the gift of oratory except of a person having natural attainments, a good voice and a good manner, who will study carefully the subject upon which he speaks and consult the best writers on rhetoric or rules for advice.—New York Mail and Express Interview.

A Storm Foretelling Plant.

Weather prophets will be interested in learning that one of the exhibits at the Jubilee Flower show in Vienna was a tropical plant belonging to the order of Mimosa, the owner of which claims to be able to fortell storms and earthquakes forty-eight hours in advance by observing the appearance and position of the most sensitive leaves of the plant.—Chicago Herald.

A Woman's Invention.

A new double pointed nail is the invention of an ingenious woman. The points turn in opposite directions. They are especially useful for invisible nailing in woodwork. It is simply two nails joined firmly, the sides of the heads being placed together.—Detroit Free Press.

More Consoling.

Mr. Smith—Are you fond of repartee, Miss Elsie?

Elsie—No, sir; I prefer Oolong.

The Tall Men of Indiana.

On the subject of the tall men of Indiana, Col. Calkins was fluent to talk, and said, among other things: "The men of Indiana were noted during the war for their stature, and Gen. Terrill, the statistician of Massachusetts, wrote that they were the tallest and the finest men ever contributed to any army in the history of the civilized world. Somehow the soil and climate promote physical greatness in our state. It is no uncommon thing to see a dozen men together on the street corner of any little town, among whom not one is under six feet in height. We are a big people out there in Indiana," concluded the colonel.—New York Tribune.

More than 1,000,000 tons of flax straw are burned or left to rot every year in the western states. If manufactured into linen cloth it would be worth $26,000,000.

MY PANSIES.

O, here is one in a purple hat
And a robe of violet silk!
This little fellow is all in yellow,
And that one white as milk:
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the breezes come and go,
Dear little spring time beauties, O!

One is dressed in a velvety black,
And one has a crimson gown;
This little maid is in blue arrayed,
And that in golden brown:
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the breezes come and go,
Dear little spring time beauties, O!

One has a critical, earnest look,
And one is woefully sad—
My pansies wise with their dusky eyes
And faces grave or glad!
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the heavenly breezes blow;
Dear little thoughtful beauties, O!

—Nellie M. Garabrant in American Magazine.

MY FAIR UNKNOWN.

The quaint, old fashioned little town of Deal is one of the quaintest places on the Kentish coast. True, it possesses a tiny stone jetty, at the extremity of which a beacon flashes through the night, but no gay promenaders pace its asphalted parade, no Cockney children disport themselves upon its beach, and the burnt cork minstrel is there a genius almost unknown.

Here I found myself three summers ago whilst on a sketching tour. I had "done" the down, washed in the sea in every mood, smeared, sketched, daubed and spattered until there was not a stick or stone in the place that had not found its way into my sketch book.

On the last day of my stay I sauntered down to the beach with the lazy gait of a man who has done his duty, my camp stool under my arm, my box of tools in hand—not that I set out with any distinct purpose of using the same, for I had exhausted the sea and my own capacity—but simply for the sake of companionship. I confess I was growing a trifle lonesome. Nature sometimes bored me.

As I strolled along, reflecting with satisfaction that I would leave the field with a clear conscience and empty paint tubes, a rock lying in a peculiar position struck my fancy and I stopped to sketch it.

I unfolded my little camp stool and set it down on the hard, level sand. The tide was low, but the stool stood unevenly, and, glancing down to ascertain the cause, I saw that one leg tilted down into a footprint, and looking ahead, I noticed that the footprints went on and on, zigzag along the beach, disappearing in the distance—narrow, dainty footprints—a woman's.

Feelings akin to those experienced by Robinson Crusoe rushed over me as I gazed. Remember that I had been for several weeks in this out of the way place without another human soul with whom to commune except my landlady, and our communings were mostly of a sordid nature, and here were delicate prints of a personality that might lead to the most delightful consequences!

I could sketch no more. Gathering up my baggage, I prepared to follow the trail.

I am somewhat of a philosophic turn of mind, and as I walked along I lapsed into a train of thought worthy the great Darwin himself.

In the first place, I measured with my eye the length of the slender footprints, and calculating by the proper proportions that the foot should be as long as the distance from the wrist to the elbow, the maker of them must be, I concluded, about 5 feet 5—a good height for a woman.

That it was a woman, I knew by the fringe like marks where here and there the long dress made its delicate trail. Then she must be slender for such a narrow foot to support her weight; beside, the foot marks were lightly pressed into the sand. They were rather far apart. She took long steps for a woman, and nothing gives more grace to a walk, to my mind. I detest these tottering, tripping women!

With the astuteness of a detective I noticed that the distance between each two of the points was of equal length; that indicated alertness and the poise of elastic strength, for a dreamy woman would have walked all over the beach, and a weak woman would have taken uneven steps.

All along beside the footprints were other marks, which, after close inspection, I knew to be punctured by the end of a parasol. Another good feature, for it showed that the unknown female whom I was tracking was not over careful of her complexion, and argued a commendable absence of vanity, and a corresponding presence of good sense. But, alas! the imprint of the heel was exceedingly small, and more sharply cut into the sand than the toe, making the unmistakable impression of the French heel. So my fair unknown was a damsel of civilization—a slave to fashion, possibly.

As I pursued the trail round the point at Walmer castle it turned in to the white glistening beach above high water mark, and there I discovered impressions in the soft sand as clear as if chiseled in stone; the square mold of a book, small—a novel; there were the lines of a garment, and the long, straight line where the umbrella or parasol had lain, each new fold of silk reproduced perfectly, and the marks at the handle where fingers had clutched it—long, fine marks—a delicate hand. From this I knew she had stooped to put down her book and parasol—she did not throw them down, therefore she must be gentle—and then she must have stood there and gazed out at the sea for a long time.

How did I know this? From the two footprints, side by side, pointing seaward, and sunk deep in the sand. She must be thoughtful, a little sad, which always follows; and here she had left a bunch of wild flowers, which she must have plucked in the fields on her way. To wander in fields, to pick flowers as you go, are these not evidences of refinement and a beauty loving nature?

I could not help breathing a hope that she was neither old nor plain. I took up the simple bouquet. It was limp, but showed every indication of being recently plucked. She could not be far away.

In my enthusiasm I darted forward and started back as if I had been shot. There, written on the sand in clear, bold letters, was a name—"Constance."

So now, on circumstantial evidence, I had before me a picture of a being that I had never seen, and of whose existence I had not known until this day. I could almost imagine that "Constance" walked before me, pressing footprints in the sand, a tall, slender girl, with a graceful walk, stylishly dressed, and swinging a dainty parasol; but, alas! with her back always turned to me.

Was my fair unknown pretty? That she was strong, sensible, thoughtful and refined, I had guessed, but the paramount question still remained unanswered—was she pretty?

I had walked for some distance under the cliffs toward Dover, when lo! a flash of color caught my eye. Could it be a bird of brilliant plumage, or a child dressed in red, or a young lady with a crimson hat? It was the latter!

She reclined upon the beach, her head resting upon a little bank of sand, and as I neared her I noticed a parasol and a novel. Constance!

I hesitated as to what I should do. Should I pass her, and thus turn my back upon those artistic footprints forever? No; I could not do that.

I slackened my pace, and politely refrained from gazing too rudely until I almost reached her, when I turned to have a good look at her face.

Judge my disappointment, however, when I found that the pretty crimson sailor hat, with its poppies and plush, was tilted over the face, obscuring it completely! I stopped short and gazed at her, and I was seized with an intense desire to snatch off the hat, and unmask the face at whatever cost. But I could not nerve myself to do it.

My unknown appeared fast asleep. What if she should be wide awake, staring from under the bewitching little hat! There was something awful in this thought; and though I am not a coward, I confess I quailed before the mere idea of two staring, glaring eyes in ambush under the hat.

After contemplating such a desperate onslaught, it seemed quite tame and civil, quite delicate and unobtrusive, when I quietly unfurled my camp stool and sat down and sketched her as she lay, washing her in grays and crimson.

Scarcely had I finished when a sudden panic seized me. What if she should awake and come out from under the hat like a hideous vision! I shuddered at the thought, and, bundling my paints into the box, caught up my stool and hurried away, retracing my footsteps and hers, reflecting ruefully that, though I had seen her in the flesh, I knew no more than I did before.

The problem as to her age and beauty, alas! was still unsolved.

Twelve months later I had painted two pictures, which I intended to send in to the academy. One of them I had designated "Day Dreams." It was, as you will have guessed, an exact reproduction of the fair one whose footsteps I had traced along the sands at Deal. The central figure was that of a fashionably dressed young lady reclining at full length upon the golden sand, her hat pulled down over her face to shade it from the sun. She was asleep, indulging in day dreams, while the pale green waves sighed softly upon the shingle, and the white sails of a yacht relieved the broad expanse of blue.

My friends generally said that the picture was fantastical, but they all prophesied it would be a success, and some art critics, whose acquaintance I had made, thought well of it. My friend and college chum, Jack Barrett, though an artist himself, was ecstatical over it. What sport he and I had in our studio about it! We always spoke of it as "Dreamy Constance," and we made a hundred guesses at what sort of facial expression was under the sailor hat.

The 1st of May had come and gone. My pictures had been accepted, and, what is more important, "Day Dreams" was hung on the line.

Walking leisurely about among the throngs of people, his hands clasped behind his back and trying to look like one of the crowd of commonplace young men who had not a picture accepted, was myself. For the greater part of the first week I could not help hanging about my pictures and listening to what the public said about them.

One day, as I was standing in the vestibule, just on the point of leaving, a carriage drove up and from it alighted a young lady, accompanied by a gentleman, perhaps ten years her senior.

As they were passing I caught the words "Day Dreams," and turned to hear what they would say about it.

The face of the gentleman struck me as having a resemblance to some one I had seen before, and the lady was very beautiful—just the sort of creature whose grace and beauty would drive men distracted.

In the crowd at the entrance I lost them; but making my way to where my picture hung, I found them before it. The man was evidently no lover of art, for he was staring about the room in an absent minded manner; but the lady was bending forward intently, with her eye fixed upon my canvas in a manner that caused me to feel delighted.

I was just noting certain points in her girlish figure—for, of course, her back was turned to me, and I could not see her face—noting casually that she was tall, slender and graceful, with a certain piquant dash about her stylish dress, when a man whom I took to be a clerk stepped briskly up and whispered something into the ear of her companion.

"Oh, yes; I'll be there immediately," he responded; and, turning to the lady, said: "Constance, I must run away on a matter of business. Don't move from this place until I return, so that I shall know where to find you."

He was walking quickly past me, when I touched him on the shoulder.

"Why, Musgrave, old fellow, can it be you?" I cried, for I remembered in a moment where I had seen his face before. We had studied together in Paris. "Can I do anything for you, or"— I glanced toward the still averted figure.

"Good heavens, Ray, who'd have thought of meeting you!" said he, hurriedly. "Thanks, yes; I'm called away on an important matter; introduce yourself. I'll be back again in a few minutes. Want to run to the telegraph office."

The next instant he was lost in the crowd.

By her motionless attitude and fixed glance I saw at once that the lady had not heard a word of our conversation, and was quite unconscious of her escort's departure. I stepped up to her side, but before I could speak she was saying, in a half whisper:

"I never heard of anything so strange in my life, the beach down at Deal, don't you see? I know it's the beach, though it's horribly badly painted; and—oh, dear! it really cannot be, but"—she craned her neck and took a closer view—"yes, I am positive of it! I ought to know my own clothes, my own Indian bracelet, the crimson hat—don't you remember it?—and the fawn dress. And that book—one of Miss Braddon's—and a parasol. I wish the hat were not so far down over the face, though. I should so like to know whether it is intended for me, or"——

"Pardon me, madame," I said.

She turned upon me swiftly and I expected to be snubbed, but I was not.

"Pardon me, but Mr Musgrave has been called away for a few moments on business, and has left you in my charge. I am an old friend of his, a school fellow, in fact."

She smiled and replied. "Then I suppose I must stay here until he returns or I shall never find him in the crowd." Giving me a searching glance, she added "Do you mind waiting?"

Mind waiting! I would not have minded waiting an eternity with her, but I didn't tell her so.

I smiled, said something civil, and asked her opinion upon the picture before us.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said she, blushing, "I really thought I recognized myself in it."

"Indeed!" I glanced critically at the picture, as if I had never seen it before. "Not a bad painting, by the way."

"No, not very," she replied; "but I feel certain the beach is intended for that between Dover and Deal. And as for the dress and hat, why, I feel quite sure they are mine."

"Did you never pose for a picture, then?" I asked.

"Pose for a picture in that outrageous fashion? I should think not."

"Possibly you may have been asleep when some one trespassed," I suggested.

"If that is so, I consider it a piece of impertinence," said she, very decidedly.

"All these artist fellows have no conscience. They think the world was made for them alone," I replied.

She bent over and looked in the corner of the picture.

"Ray," she said, "Harold Ray!" while I started and grew pale and fiery in one moment and felt that "Ray" must be branded upon my forehead. "I don't like the sound of it. Ray—Ray. I can just imagine him—a little man in velvet coat and big, broad brimmed hat. Ugh!"

I ask you frankly. Could I tell her at this moment that I was the guilty person? No; I must put in a few words in favor of poor Harold Ray first.

"Ah! Did you say Ray?" I asked. "Why, Harold Ray—yes, yes—why, he's a great friend of mine!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon if I have said anything rude of your friend," said she, punctiliously, not at all as if she were sorry, though. "But don't you think yourself that it was a little too—well, presuming of him?"

"I pulled my mustache and looked critical.

"Well, I grant you that it was hardly a fair thing, and all that, you know," I said, with candor; "but you must consider the circumstances, the informality of the place—the temptation, so to speak. If you knew Ray I am sure you would never accuse him of impertinence. He is certainly not a bore, and—and he reveres the fair sex."

She was gazing dreamily at the picture, and when I paused she smiled, not at all disapprovingly, and murmured "Oh, go on—pray go on! Tell me more about him!"

"Well, there isn't anything more to tell," I said, feeling myself fairly in a corner, for I really could not sound my own trumpet any longer.

"Is he—handsome?" she asked with a nonchalant air, still gazing at my picture.

"Eh—hardly!" I stammered.

"Clever?"

"No, decidedly not. He has a little talent, but that is all."

"Not handsome and not clever," she repeated, with a laugh. "Why, then, what is this interesting creature?"

"Only an artist with an ideal," I began, half lightly, half in earnest, "a young fellow who is tracking footprints to the sea, and wondering where they are going to lead him, a poor creature whose fate is marked by a crimson sailor hat, which he can't pluck up the courage to lift. In short, were I to tell my friend that I had at last seen the original of his mysterious sketch he would be beside himself. Where I to hold out the promise that he might enjoy the same privilege, he would be in the proverbial seventh heaven, and did he meet you he would be"——

I felt a hearty slap upon my back, and heard Jack Barrett cry out "Ray, old fellow, let me congratulate you! You deserve your luck! 'Dreamy Constance' is a grand success. The Earl of Sheppey has called at the studio this morning and offered to buy it."

"Barrett," I said, as he desperately pressed my hand, "another time, old fellow. This lady"——

Jack saw for the first time that he was looking over the shoulder of a lady, who turned and met his gaze with eyes sparkling with anger. I suppose poor Barrett had never had a woman look at him like that before. He assured me afterward that he should never care about the experience being repeated.

I managed to bustle him off, and then, for a moment, I wished myself anywhere rather than in the academy, standing like a culprit, with my eyes cast down.

Suddenly I heard a pretty little laugh and, looking up, I saw that Constance was holding her catalogue up to her face, while her eyes laughed over the top. I had burst into a loud laugh also, but just as I was enjoying the fun I was confronted by Musgrave, whose very existence I own I had forgotten.

"Oh, there is your—ah!" I began.

I could not bring myself to say "husband," so finished the sentence with a silent epithet.

"Brother," she said, turning a pair of laughing eyes full upon me.

Addressing her brother, she said: "Do you know, Charley, I am afraid I have mortally offended Mr. Ray, who is a friend of yours, I understand? I had no idea it was he who had painted 'Day Dreams,' and I have been criticising it before his very face."

"Oh, do not mention it, Miss Musgrave! I must apologise for my impudence in sketching you whilst you were dreaming, and I trust you will forgive me," said I.

"Of course I will; only I hope you will forget all the harsh things I said about the man in a velvet coat and a big, flopping hat," she replied, laughing.

"We will make a mutual apology, in the hope that our acquaintance, which was begun so strangely, will ripen into friendship," I said.

The facts of the case were explained to Musgrave, who, when we had finished, said: "Never mind, Conny; Ray and Barrett shall dine with us to-night. I know them both as the best of fellows, and am delighted to renew their acquaintance."

* * * * *

Before the bright days of spring came round again Constance and I were married, Jack Barrett acting in the capacity of best man.

When the academy opened again I found I had another picture on the line. It was a portrait of my fair unknown.

Never allude to a dressmaker as Miss Sew-and-sew.—Binghamton Republican.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

A BREAK

In the Association High Tariff Line—The Philadelphia Clubs the First to Weaken—What the Result Will Be.

The fifty-cent rate has proven a decided failure in the second city of the Union (in point of population only), and the league was the first to admit it. The high rate never had a fair show in Philadelphia. The unprecedented bad spring gave it a black eye, the continued newspaper comment served to keep alive the agitation against it, and the rather poor playing of both local clubs at the beginning of the season also intensified the opposition to paying double prices. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the rate could have been maintained, were but one big club located here. With two clubs, however, it simply became a question of freeze-out for one or the other. The Phillies had the call last season, but this year, through their accumulating misfortunes, they were not able to maintain their prestige, and were getting the worst of the fight. Every league club having had a turn here, and all, without exception, having received convincing proof of the intense unpopularity of the high tariff, an appeal was made by the Philadelphia club for a change. A mail vote was taken, and on Friday President Young notified Mr. Reach that by unanimous vote of the league clubs the Philadelphia club would be allowed in future to reduce the price of admission to 25 cents. The change went into effect Saturday, June 30.

The Athletic club has done considerably better than the local league club under the high rate, but it too, will, of course have to charge twenty-five cents from now on. A section in the by-laws adopted by the joint rules committee at the Cincinnati meeting last December prevented the Athletic club from doing any thing independently. Every thing rested with the Philadelphia club, which, in its turn, was ruled by the other clubs of the league. The rule in question reads as follows:

"It is further provided that in any city where both an Association club and another club member of the party of the first part of the National agreement is located, the Association club shall be required to charge at least as much, and no more, for admission to its grounds than is charged by said other club."

The news was received with pleasure, says the Philadelphia *Sporting Life*, by all patrons of the game in this city. The proprietors of the local clubs are jubilant, and both clubs yet hope to recoup their losses. Even the players are pleased with the change, they say, as they expressed themselves as tired of playing to empty benches. For them, however, the change will mean more in the future than now appears, and for the local clubs the reduction means simply a postponement of the evil day for one or the other, as both can not live and prosper under the twenty-five cent tariff.

Philadelphia has been greatly overrated as a base-ball city, and the facts bear out the statement that both clubs, under twenty-five cents, hardly ever made any thing worth speaking of in one and the same season. When the Athletics were on top the Phillies just about managed to keep afloat, and when the Phillies finally secured the local prestige the Athletics went steadily behind until bankruptcy stared the club in the face last season and reorganization became necessary; and history will doubtless repeat itself unless the two can be consolidated or expenses reduced within the income of each.

But the charge will have other than local bearing. It assures to each of the big organizations a franchise in Philadelphia, and will check, for a time at least, the consolidation of the league and association, which was, under the high tariff, becoming more and more imminent, for the reason that the old dividing line between league and association, viz: high and low tariff, will be restored. It would be folly to suppose that the reduction will halt at Philadelphia.

Baltimore and Louisville are in sore straits also, and will have to receive a concession like the Athletics in order to live, and that done the other clubs will also have to fall in line sooner or later in obedience to the demands of their patrons, who will not submit to pay more for their base-ball than other association cities. With a general reduction the flop of certain of the association clubs of the league fold will not be so easy. And so, perhaps, the reduction may after all save the association from dismemberment. But with reduction another problem will stare the clubs squarely in the face, and that is how to make both ends meet at the lower figures. The chief, and indeed the only, reason for the increase was primarily the heavy expenses at present necessitated by the public demand for first-class ball, and by the suicidal methods of club owners.

Many of the league clubs find it a difficult matter to exist, even under the high league tariff. The association clubs, the weakest of whom is under just as great expense as the average league team, is in precisely the same position, and two-thirds of the clubs of either organization can not figure out subsistence from either a high or low tariff. Base-ball has been run under high pressure for the last three years; the bubble has been inflated to the point of bursting, and with either high or low tariff the end is inevitable unless measures are taken at once to reef sails and clear the deck for the coming storm. The *Sporting Life* millenium plan offers the only harbor of safety for the base-ball craft. It is the best, the most practicable plan ever devised for the rescue of the game from the dangers that now beset it on every side and threaten its life. On every hand are signs of decay. The game needs new blood, new methods. The people are growing weary of a sport which provides no novelty, but drags along in the same grooves, with the same faces, same methods and same results year after year. This fall the club managers and owners will have one more chance—the last—to place the game where it ought to be placed—beyond the accidents of a season and the selfish mismanagement of a few; and if the willfully blind or pitifully weak-kneed people now steering the ship right upon the rocks of disaster will not bend they must break, and the players themselves must take the millenium plan in hand, with a view to saving their means of livelihood, which is slipping away from them faster than they, perhaps, have any idea of. Let but the players take the plan in hand, and the capital can easily be commanded to carry out a scheme which provides not only absolute security for the money invested, but assures to every man, who handles the bat and ball with any degree of skill whatever, a comfortable, permanent livelihood.

MENDING FENCES.

A Western Association Break Repaired—St. Louis Drops Out and Sioux City, Ia., Takes the Vacancy.

After worrying the Western Association for many weeks Mr. Von der Ahe has finally taken himself and the St. Louis Whites out of the Association for the Association's good. The mistake in admitting both St. Louis and Chicago was pointed out last winter when the scheme was first broached. The fate of the Whites had for some time been a foregone conclusion. Its best players had been sold and transferred to other clubs, the worthless franchise had been vainly hawked about for weeks, and finally the collapse came Saturday, June 23, when Von der Ahe unceremoniously disbanded the team, which had been held together only long enough to enable its owner to realize all he could out of the sale of players to reimburse him for his losses. Altogether Mr. Von der Ahe's methods of procedure were thoroughly reprehensible and unfair to the Western Association. Even in the final games of the Whites, he let his love of trickery prevail. The Des Moines club was scheduled for five games at St. Louis. In the first game Von der Ahe attempted to play Devlin, of the Browns, on the Whites. The Des Moines, of course, rightly objected to having an ineligible player take part in the game, as it could not count, no matter who won it, and the game was forfeited by the empire to Des Moines. On Saturday, Von der Ahe again insisted on playing Devlin, and this game was also forfeited. That night Von der Abe, in a pretended huff, without further notice to the association or the players, disbanded the Whites and let himself out of the Western Association, doubtless much to the relief of the latter. He apparently never cared a cent for the welfare of the association or the good of base ball, and by his selfish, "for revenue only" methods got himself disliked by all those working for the success of the Association.

Upon being officially notified of Von der Ahe's withdrawal President Morton immediately called a meeting of the association directors, and they held a meeting at the Tremont House, Chicago, June 26. There were present James A. Hart, Milwaukee; A. M. Thompson, St. Paul; Sim Sherman, Des Moines; E. E. Menges, Kansas City, and S. G. Morton, Chicago. The clubs that applied for admission were Denver, represented by W. H. McClintock; Lincoln, represented by E. E. Menges; Davenport, by E. Lesher and Joseph Donahue, and the Sioux City club, represented by the manager, W. C. Bryan. Sioux City submitted its claims in such a business-like manner that there was little room for deliberation or discussion. "The Indians" were accordingly taken into the fold, and there is little doubt but that the new club will prove a valuable accession to the ranks of the association. Its geographical location was thought by the directors to be more desirable than those of other applicants. The club's backing is certainly every thing that could be desired. It will have a team ready to play Des Moines in that city on July 4, and as the club will be on an equal footing with the other association clubs, and will not be required to take the standing which the St. Louis club has so far made, it feels confident of making a good showing in the race.

It will play fourteen games with each of the other clubs, and the schedule, with a few changes, will be the same as that of the St. Louis club. Without the slightest hesitation the Sioux City people put up a bond of $10,000 with President Morton as a guarantee of good faith. Before the meeting adjourned the directors decided that the game won by the Des Moines club from the Chicagos in this city May 6 shall stand as a championship game instead of an exhibition game, as stipulated when the game was played. This was done with the consent of Manager Morton.

SPORT ON THE WATER.

The Mississippi Valley Contests—Notes on the National, Local and Other Boating Events.

The Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association regatta occurs at Pullman July 13 and 14, and the indications at present are extremely favorable. Private advices from clubs belonging to the association show that there will be a fine fine of entries, particularly so when quality is considered. No one expects so large a number of entries as was common years ago, when any man who could handle an oar was liable to enter. But all who do enter will be racers, and they are coming from all over the Mississippi Valley territory, from New Orleans to St. Paul. It is supposed that ten or a dozen four-oared shells will enter, and a full complement of scullers. Quarters have already been engaged at Pullman for seventy-five or more oarsmen, and the orders are just beginning to come in. At the end of another week the advance guard of athletes will commence to arrive, and from that time until the last race is rowed the pretty town of Pullman will see lively times.

An effort is being made to perfect all the arrangements and insure a regatta that ladies and gentlemen will enjoy. The Pullman band of sixteen pieces will furnish the music, and a cable running from the grand stand to the turning stakes, three-quarters of a mile distant, will enable telegraphers to signal the order of the turn almost instantly. Through this arrangement, says the Chicago *Herald*, spectators need not lose interest in a race for a moment. The fine grand stand at Pullman commands nearly the entire course without any telegraphic assistance, but the turn is a critical point in the race, and the spectators are always eager to know how the racers stand as they round the stake for the homeward journey. A suitable steamer for the umpire and press representatives is engaged, and it is believed that for the first time in several years these parties will be able to follow the races properly. Heretofore the boats have been so large as to occasionally run aground upon some of the mud lumps in Lake Calumet, and thus occasion annoying delays.

The clubs of the Chicago Navy are taking a deep interest in the local arrangements, and propose that the Mississippi Valley regatta shall assume all the brilliant social features of the Yale-Harvard races in the East. The ladies are enlisted and will be out in force wearing the colors of their favorite clubs. The annual convention of the association occurs at the Hotel Florence in Pullman on the evening of the first day's races. Each club in the association is entitled to two delegates, and there is a strong desire that all clubs may be represented. Some of the members of the Executive Committee who have labored in that capacity for years are determined to refuse a renomination this year, on the ground that they are entitled to relief.

The National regatta occurs at Sunbury, Pa., July 18 and 19, and is believed that there will be a respectable delegation from the Mississippi Valley territory. Just what the force will be remains for the near future to disclose. The principal winners at the Pullman regatta are quite likely to go East and take part in the Sunbury fray. The Delaware double, the Medec pair, J. F. Corbett and three or four crews are now considering the matter, but will await developments, knowing full well that "there's many a slip," etc.

The National Association will act upon the following amendment at the coming meeting: An amateur is one "who rows only for pleasure or recreation and during his leisure hours, and who does not abandon his usual business or occupation for the purpose of training." Of course, there is no argument against such an amendment. It should be adopted, and, if possible, made even more or tight than it is. The semi-professionals must be killed off at any cost. In comparison with them the full-fledged professional is a nobleman.

Mrs. Langtry is endeavoring to secure the American rights of the new English play, "The Love Story."

The short, sharp speech of the permanent chairman of the convention was as effective as the most labored oration could have been. "I don't know whom the convention will nominate," said he, in substance, "but it will be a man in whom commerce has confidence, and for whom labor will be enthusiastic." And the convention applauded. "I don't know exactly what the platform will say, but it will be for protection to American industry. I don't know what the precise tactics of the campaign will be, but I know that it is already opened, for I have heard the musketry fire along the skirmish line in Oregon." Then the convention, delegates and galleries, gave the shout of an army with banners, and taking second breath, added three cheers for Oregon.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Miss Laura Moore, formerly with the American Opera Company, will join the McCaull Opera Company next fall. She has been studying for the last six months in Paris under the direction of Theo and Jeanne Garnier.

The Duke of Edinburgh has lent a cabinet of Violins to the Bologna exhibition, and it contains a number of splendid instruments, including fine specimens of Stradivarius, and Amati, and Guarneri and several beautiful Cremonas.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

Maude Granger has sailed for Europe on a pleasure trip.

James O'Neill will open his season in Jersey City September 3.

Effie Ellsler's new play has been christened "The Keepsake."

Mrs. Langtry's new play for next season is called "A Love Story."

Kate Castleton's new farce for next season is called "A Paper Doll."

Selina Fetter, late of Robson & Crane's Company, is at her home in Kentucky.

It is announced that Charles Wyndham will bring his company to this country next season.

Frederic de Belleville has been engaged by Clara Morris as her leading man for next season.

Frank Carlyle joins the Lyceum Theater Company about the middle of September in Chicago.

Richard Mansfield says that, if he makes a success in London, he may stay abroad all next season.

Frank Mayo has been engaged by Ariel N. Barney as leading man of Julia Marlowe's company for next season.

Ellie Wilton has been engaged by Robson & Crane for next season to play the part formerly filled by Selina Fetter.

Marie Burroughs and her husband Louis Massen, are on route to California, where they will spend the summer.

Robert Downing will add that famous old Davenport play, "St. Marc; or the Soldier of Fortune," to his repertory next season.

Alice Hastings, who has been Rolland Reed's leading lady for several seasons, has been re-engaged for the coming season.

Sidney Armstrong has signed with the "Still Alarm" for next season. She will also create a part in Mr. Arthur's new play.

J. R. Hald, the well-known composer, has just published a new ballad, "Vain Regrets," the melody of which is justly admired.

The sale of seats for "A Noble Rogue" is very large, and those wanting seats for same should apply at once at the Grand Opera House.

Patti Rosa and John W. Dunne, her manager for several years past, were married a short time ago at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco.

Kate Claxton opens her season on August 20. Her route is almost completed. It will involve long trips through the South, West and California.

Mary H. Fiske is engaged in writing a play for Amy Ames, who will star in it next season. The leading character is being shaped to fit her.

Hubert Wilke will star next season under the management of Junius Howe, formerly with the Kiralfys, in a romantic comedy-drama of gypsy life.

May Waldron, formerly of the Robson & Crane Company, has been engaged by Steele Mackaye for the role of Aunt Phyllis in "A Noble Rogue."

John Russell, manager of the Natural Gas Company, is in Paris looking out for novelties for next season. He starts for home about August 1.

Hettie Bernard Chase, who starred last season in the comedy of "Rags, the Wild Cat," will open, on August 20, at the Bush Street Theater, San Francisco.

Miss Myra Goodwin, who has been starring for the past three years, has been engaged by Hanlon & Hart to play the leading soubrette role in the new comedy, "Later On," for next season.

T. H. French has purchased for this country Mrs. Burnett's play called "Little Lord Fauntleroy," for this country excepting Boston, where the rights are held by R. M. Field. The piece has been successful in London.

Chicago is rapidly becoming an important center for first productions. The latest addition to the list, Steele Mackaye's play, "A Noble Rogue," will be put on for a long run in New York after its season in the Garden City.

It is said that Lote Fuller has been offered $175 per week to play Aladdin next season. She has been engaged to sing the leading prima donna roles in the Rising & Hamilton Opera Company at Atlantic City for five weeks.

The scenery of the "The Henrietta," at the conclusion of the engagement at Chicago, was shipped to Milwaukee, where it is stored in the Grand Opera-House, Robson & Crane opening their next season at that house on September 2.

Billy Rice, the minstrel, while stopping at the Russ House, San Francisco, last week is reported to have been assaulted by a thief in his room. His face was severely bruised by the ruffian's brass knuckles. Mr. Rice's injuries compelled his retirement for several days.

Mrs. Langtry declares that the statements regarding her forthcoming marriage with Fred Gebhard were "a pack of lies as usual." This is unfortunate, to say the least of it. There were certain fairly well grounded hopes that the scandal so long associated with her name was nearly at an end.

Managers throughout the country are eager to secure "The Crystal Slipper" after its Chicago run. Manager Henderson is in receipt of communications from nearly every important manager in the country. Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman have secured the piece for the Chestnut Street Opera-House after the Boston run.

The Crystal Slipper.

This great spectacle now being presented at the Chicago Opera-House is one of the most emphatic successes ever achieved in Chicago, and indeed in the United States, but in accordance with the enterprising policy which has always characterized the management of the Chicago Opera-House it has been decided to add new features to the many now contained in the present production. Next Sunday night the "Doll's Quadrille" will be revived. It will be remembered that, with four dancers, it created a sensation last summer at the Chicago Opera-House. Eight dancers, among whom will be Little Tich, Mlle. Dorst and Mons. Oreste will figure in the revival. It is expected that the new "Doll's Quadrille" will prove much more popular than the original dance. Some slight alterations will be made in the last act. When the curtain ascends Prince Prettiwitz and the pages will be discovered in the throne room of the palace. A serenade written by Mr. Tony Rieff, of New York, will be sung. It is said to be full of melody, and that it is bound to become one of the most popular numbers in the piece. Some new "business" will be introduced by the Baron (Mr. Graham) and by Yosemite (Mr. Foy), and there will be a new double song and dance. There will be some changes in the ballets and the musical features of the first three acts. Mlle. Dorst and Mons. Oreste will be seen in "The Dancing Master," and Little Tich, who has proved himself the most refined vaudeville performer that has been seen in this country since Horace Lingard sang "Captain Jinks," will be seen in one of his great specialties. "The Crystal Slipper" has done an enormous business at the Chicago Opera-house, the receipts for the first three weeks having been $56,000—a larger sum than was ever taken in Chicago by a theatrical attraction in three weeks at regular prices.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Mr. Frederick De Belleville will probably be Miss Helen Barry's leading man.

Richard Mansfield will sail for England August 1. His company will follow on the City of Rome of the Anchor Line August 8.

Miss Fannie A. Myers has made an engagement with Mr. Strakosch to sing the contralto roles in the Clara Louise Kellogg Opera Company next season.

The manuscript of an operetta by Offenbach, which was produced at Ems in 1869, but never published, has been found in an old desk. It is called "Il Corricolo," and will be produced at the Varietes.